

LICKING VALLEY COURIER.

VOLUME 3. NO. 59

WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1912.

WHOLE NUMBER 111

Advertising Talk No. 1.

In this age when the biggest business successes in the country are the biggest advertisers, it is folly to waste time in the discussion as to whether or not advertising pays. All advertising pays. Some pays and some pays better. The first requisite to a profitable advertising campaign is a means of reaching the people whose trade you want. The next is good copy, but of that we'll talk later.

The COURIER will get your ad. to the people of Morgan and adjacent counties. Live, truthful, timely advertising will get and hold the trade, if persisted in. It is the constant advertiser who reaps the great rewards.

School Supervisor's Report.

We left West Liberty Monday morning July 15, to begin our first experience in the work of School Supervision. Arriving at Wrigley, we proceeded on foot to the schoolhouse half mile away. We soon found ourselves in a building 22x36 feet, of such venerable age as to have the appearance of having outlived its top, there being many places that looked as if more than air could pour through. There were three rows of seats in the house taking up all the available floor space, some patent desks and some of the familiar type known as the "home made kind" with seating capacity for 40 pupils. But a count showed ninety-two pupils ready to begin work. Miss Lula Walsh was the only teacher employed for the work, and she looked as if her friends had all forsaken her, for the situation was beyond her control.

The County Superintendent, knowing the situation, as he does in most all the schools of the county, put in his timely appearance, together with Mr. Fugate, the division Chairman, and when quite a number of the patrons of the school had assembled the Superintendent called the house to order and himself took up the question of "more room" for the pupils. After he had reviewed the situation, a number of the citizens gave their views, some indicating that they were not at all pleased with the location of the school house, some wanting a new house at Wrigley and some wanting a new house farther up the North Fork at a place called "Hollow Poplar."

The Supervisor was then called upon for a speech, and desiring to "pour oil on the troubled waters," he took up a few minutes urging harmony and the sacrifice of individual notions when best for the general good.

The matter was then left open for discussion later on by the Superintendent and citizens, they finally deciding to build a new school house at "Hollow Poplar" and one in the town of Wrigley to contain at first three rooms, at a probable cost of \$1,000.00, the citizens donating about \$300.00.

It is the intention of the Superintendent to build at Wrigley a consolidated school that will enable the people connected herewith to have an eight or nine months school each year. The people here are much enthused with the outlook.

After the general discussion of the school house question at old school house Monday morning, the Superintendent and patrons of the school went leaving Miss Walsh "alone" monarch of all.

After suggestion from her, she and the Supervisor decided to divide the school into three grades, the entire school to be consumed the remainder of the day. Then Miss Walsh selected to take the 4th, 6th, 7th and 8th grades for the first, 2nd, 3rd and 4th grades in the care of

the Supervisor until Saturday, when the division Board was to meet and select another teacher for the work.

When we assembled again Tuesday morning, Miss Walsh took her 23 pupils, constituting all her grades, and left the school room for more commodious quarters which they found on the railroad track under a large walnut tree, where the larger boys proceeded to scatter a pile of cross ties in the most convenient way possible to accommodate the "Daylight School" in "God's first temples." While teaching under the walnut all day Tuesday Miss Walsh secured for herself a well developed case of sunburn on her neck and arms by letting too much sunshine in to her work.

During the day, Tuesday, the Superintendent and local trustee, Tony Reed, secured a house in town where the teacher and her pupils worked the remainder of the week and will continue to work until the new house is ready for use which will be about the first of September.

The division board met here Saturday and employed Bernard Whitt, one of Morgan's nicest young men and best teachers, to share the work with Miss Walsh here.

This last arrangement, taking the work of teaching here off the hands of the Supervisor will enable him to go to Loveland, Paragon, Blair's Mill, Straight creek, etc., to assist, if necessary, in bettering conditions in those schools. The report of the second week's work will be sent in at its close.

Our heart is in this work, and we feel that our labor will not be in vain. If we can be of service in bettering school conditions in Morgan county, thus helping our mountain boys and girls in their efforts to gain an education, to see them developing into well-rounded men and women of usefulness, will be our greatest and ample reward.

We believe in working, not weeping; in boosting, not knocking; and in the pleasure of our job. We believe a man gets what he goes after, that one deed done to-day is worth more than two deeds to be done to-morrow, and that no man is down and out until he has lost confidence in himself. We believe in to-day and the work we are doing, in to-morrow and the work we hope to do, and in the sure reward that the future holds. We believe in courtesy, kindness, generosity, good cheer, friendship and honest competition; that there is something doing for every man and woman who is willing and ready to work.

We are ready now—are you?
NOAH CISEO,
July 22 Supervisor M. C.

Granam Camp vs. Jackson.

Last Sunday a big crowd of West Liberty people went to Licking River to see the ball game between Graham Camp and Jackson. The game lasted six innings and was called on account of rain and to give time to count the runs made by the Graham boys. 22 to 2 was the score. The Jackson team was a gentlemanly crowd, but they couldn't play ball. The Campers piled up 11 runs in the first and got tired and loafed through the remaining five innings, only making 11 more runs. About 300 people witnessed the game. As your reporter drove off the grounds the Campers were knocking three-baggers and home runs. Despite the one-sidedness of the game the crowd seemed to enjoy the afternoon.

A return game to be played at Jackson is scheduled for August 4th, and we advise the Jackson boys to practice a little.

Former President Roosevelt conferred with William Flinn and others Tuesday in regard to the manner of selecting electors for Pennsylvania.

Farmer's Corner.

TO SEAL JELLY.

The simplest and most satisfactory way of sealing marmalade or jelly glasses is as follows: Cut rounds from ordinary writing paper, a little larger than the tops of the jelly glasses, put into a shallow saucer the white of one egg, unbeaten draw a piece of the paper over the egg, coating one side only, place quickly on the jelly, coated side downward, and press the edge all around the glass. The glasses must be sealed in this way immediately after filling with the hot jelly, as the heat quickly cooks the egg and forms a perfectly airtight covering. —Home and Farm.

One of the difficult and trying problems of the poultry keeper is to keep his poultry house and stock free from lice, mites, etc. There are many proprietary preparations on the market to combat these, most of which work satisfactorily. However, they are more or less expensive. The Maine experiment station has just issued a bulletin on the subject and recommends a treatment which appears to be fully as simple as anything else, and much less expensive. The powder made by the station at a cost of only a few cents a pound is as follows: Take three parts of gasoline and one part crude carbolic acid. Mix these together. Add gradually, while stirring, enough plaster of paris to take up all the moisture. The liquid and dry plaster should be thoroughly mixed and stirred so the liquid will be uniformly mixed through the plaster. When enough has been added, the resulting mixture should be a dry, pinkish-brown powder, having a strong carbolic odor and a rather less pronounced gasoline odor. Be sure that the crude carbolic acid is secured. If a spray is desired instead of the powder, simply take three parts of kerosene and one part of crude carbolic acid. If birds are infested with lice the best way to get rid of them is to use powder, which is to be worked into the feathers. Remember, a single application will not be sufficient, because were there are lice present there are also unhatched eggs or nits. Make a second application four days to a week after the first and if it is bad case a third application may be necessary. —Ex.

If the fetlocks are clipped and the horses legs are kept clean, scratches will never bother. Always water first, then a little hay, and follow with grain; this gives the animal a chance to digest.

The correct mating is 8 to 15 hens for each cock. The smaller the breed the more hens may be allowed with each rooster.

You can get no more power from your horse than you give him in his food. Good feed will put life into a horse a hundred times better than an 8-foot whip. Growing pigs should not be crowded into close, filthy quarters, exposed to vermin and disease.

Many a man blames the Lord for a poor crop, which was really the result of his own poor plowing.

Fresh poultry manure is said to have about twice the fertilizing value of cattle manure, pound for pound. —Exchange.

Former Senator William Lorimer, of Illinois, was cut, bruised and stunned, but not seriously hurt, in an automobile accident near Clayville, Pa.

Peaceful conditions are reported at Lisbon and Oporto, though Republican troops continue to pursue Royalist bands in the north of Portugal.

A Remarkable Rooster.

Some few days ago a remarkable incident occurred on Grassy Creek not far from Nickell post office, at the saw mill of J. M. Reed. A rooster was at the mill and the workmen in trying to drive it away ran it into a pile of slabs. The rooster had gone into the slabs in a wedge shape opening so it could not turn around. The workmen left the rooster and thirteen days afterwards removed the pile and found the rooster alive, having lived the thirteen days without food or water and in a position that it could not move. This is a true story, and can be verified by J. M. Reed, A. K. Day, Alden Stacy and several others.

This is doubtless emblematic of the Democratic party, which has been fastened up by the Republicans so long, and which will be loosed the first Tuesday in November, when Woodrow Wilson will be elected President of the United States.

B. W.

Three children of Daugherty Adams a lower Rockhouse Creek farmer, met violent deaths, within a period of an hour. An 8-year-old boy went to a hen's nest a short distance from the home on the hillside. He is supposed to have been bitten by a rattlesnake. When his younger brother went to see about him he was dead.

The younger brother was also bitten by the reptile and died within a few minutes.

When the mother went to see about the children she found the snake coiled in the hen's nest and the two children lying dead. After a desperate effort she succeeded in killing the snake.

Upon returning to her house she found her 3-year-old child drowned in a wash tub near by, and, in the absence of her husband the woman was compelled to advise her neighbors of the fate of her three children. —Lexington Herald.

To Our Teachers.

Supervisor Ciseo has a good article on the school situation in this issue, and other school articles will follow. We intend to keep in close touch with school work in this county and hope to help arouse a feeling among the patrons as to their responsibility in the school work. Teachers can do a great work for the cause by urging all the patrons to read this paper. Will YOU?

When a writer once asked Mother Jones why it was she stirred up the woman, she replied that it was because every drop of their blood was precious, that they were the inner life of the race and that every nation was but the reflex of its women. "No nation," said she "will ever get beyond the development of its women. Lift up the women, make them intellectual; thus will great sons be born, and men find true comrades in their wives." —Ex.

A 15 per cent reduction in express rates will help much. It should in some instances, tend to reduce the cost of living. But what this country needs is a parcel post. With competition in the shape of such government activity it would not take the "express family" long to awaken to the fact that lower rates are necessary. —Ex.

The approach of a parcel post in this country should have quickened the express companies into a realization of the fact that they were in danger of losing their lightweight business. —Ex.

With a cheap parcel post in operation throughout the country, one of the great contributing causes of the high cost of living will be eliminated. —Exchange.

Skim milk or even buttermilk is good for the hens. Put a little in a pan, set it before them and see how they relish it.

Local and Personal.

Go to Lykins' for cold drinks.

We are ready to do that job of yours.

J. D. Lykins condition remains unchanged.

Every thing in the cold drink line at Lykins'

F. M. Jones, of Maytown, was in town Monday.

You get the best of everything at Lykins' grocery.

Aunt Paulina Kendall is reporting better this week.

Miss Lula Bell Manker is on the sick list this week.

A Miss Ferren, of London, is visiting Mrs. Nell Henry.

S. B. Reese, of Harmon, was a Saturday visitor in town.

Ira M. Nickell, of Panama, was in town on business Saturday.

Miss Bess Cawby, of Lexington, is visiting Miss Stella Cisco.

T. J. Daniel, of Quicksand, was in town Saturday till Monday.

Bernard Whitt, of Lamar, transacted business in town Saturday.

Miss Ina Cottle is confined to her room with a severe case of ivy poisoning.

Mrs. Harris Howard, of White Oak, visited her brother, Jas. A. Lacy, last week.

John W. Fields, of Coeburn, was in town on business Saturday.

Clifford Nickell, of Ezel, with Timble Bros. Mt. Sterling, was here one day last week.

USE THE COLUMNS OF THE COURIER TO TELL THE PEOPLE WHAT YOU HAVE TO SELL.

I. C. Ferguson and S. W. Cecil attended the funeral of G. W. Bailey at Little Sandy, Tuesday.

Mrs. Maggie Blevins and Miss Effie Reed were business visitors at the Courier office Saturday.

John M. Kennard and family attended the memorial meeting at the mouth of Pricey Sunday.

Jim Sebastian says he has corn growing on his farm so big—Well, you can just guess at the rest.

Jess Caudill and Bert Proctor, two popular grocery drummers of Morehead, were in town the first of the week.

S. H. W. Hill, of Mima, one of our progressive county teachers, came in Saturday and subscribed for his county paper.

Green Strong, of Jackson, representing the Bristol Drug Manufacturing Company, Bristol, Tenn., was here this week.

T. B. Sturdivent is preparing to build a business house on the lot purchased of the Methodist church, on Main Street.

Misses Viccie Lewis and Jane Cassity were two of the charming callers at the Courier sanctum-sanctorum Saturday afternoon.

Joe Effe, the Courier Devil, cut his foot on a piece of broken bottle one day last week, incapacitating him from work for a day or two.

The weeds that have grown up on the vacant lots of the burned district hide the rubbish, but are themselves unsightly. Can we not have a general clean-up?

If you want the most liberal non-forfeitable, participating life policy ever written, see COTTLE & HOVERMALE.

Cincinnati, O.

Mr. H. G. Cottle, Editor,

Dear Sir:

You will please find inclosed one dollar for Subscription for Courier. I would be glad to have some of you fellows to call around and see me any time you are down, and take a car ride with me. I am conductor running out of division No. 1, Walnut Hill, east. To find me come to Walnut Hill car barns. Give all my regards.

Your friend
R. C. DEHART.

In this issue you will find the revised time tables of the Ohio & Kentucky and the Morehead & North Fork railroads. By referring to them you may save time and annoyance.

G. W. Phillips, J. H. Cole, I. C. Ferguson, W. R. Foreman, W. W. McClure, H. C. Rose H. A. Wells and H. G. Cottle attended the Masonic burial of Dave Harper of Caney Saturday.

Wess Rose, of Clearfield, arrived yesterday to be with his mother, Mrs. Rodah Rose, who is not expected to live.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Ewing and children, of Riverton, are visiting Mrs. Ewing's brother, Esq. W. G. Short.

Editor, S. S. Elam, of the Kentucky Mountaineer, was in town Tuesday night.

Dr. M. F. Thompson, of Morehead, is visiting his daughter Mrs. Georgie Elam.

Jeff Bailey, of Relief, was in town on business Wednesday.

Advertise in the Courier. It brings results.

Killing at Salyersville.

Lee Patrick, a brother of U. S. Marshall, A. B. Patrick and Deputy Marshall, Jack Patrick prominent citizen of Magoffin county was stabbed to death at Salyersville Saturday, it is said by either Ern Arnett, or Clarence Arnett. The two Arnett boys and their father, Augustus Arnett and their brother-in-law, R. C. Minix, are in jail charged with the killing. The families are both very prominent and more trouble is feared. Brigadier General, Roger Williams, of the Kentucky National Guard, has been ordered, by acting Governor McDermott, to the scene of the trouble. He reports everything quiet and that the civil authorities will be able to handle the situation.

INGRATITUDE.

Some time ago Ambros Peyton, who lives on Grassy Creek, was fined \$100.00 in Morgan Circuit Court for assault and battery. To keep him from having to lay in jail to satisfy the fine and cost H. C. Combs and W. W. McClure signed his replevin bond and when it became due the defendant was no where to be found. Result: Mr. Combs and Mr. McClure are each out \$50.00 in cash but are somewhat richer in experience.

111-2t.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found an article concerning women voting in school elections which out to be read and studied by every woman in the county. We have gone to some trouble and expense to publish this information, believing that it would be of material aid to our lady readers will cast their first vote on the third day of August.

Hawkins Confession

We still have a few copies of Hawkins' Confession for sale. Better get one while they last. Most remarkable story of crime ever written.

Our JOB WORK is the best.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EZEL.

Dr. Asa Nickell is on the sick list.

Mrs. J. J. McGuire is on the sick list.

Carl Kash returned to his former home, Middletown Ohio.

George Salyer is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Salyer.

Miss Flora Davis returned to her school, the Goad school house, Sunday.

Mrs. Lillie Crantz, of Salt Lick, is visiting her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Salyer.

OLD RELIABLE.

DINGUS

High tide in Elk Fork, Sunday night.

C. H. Black, of Elamton, has contracted J. I. Patrick's farm, and will probably close the deal in the near future.

Mrs. Maggie Bailey was baptized here last Sunday by Rev. A. J. Williams.

Victor Bailey has moved in the house with his father-in-law, H. C. Pelfrey.

Mason Cox is teaching White Oak Branch school, Charley Williams. Williams Creek, Manford Bailey, Lost Creek, and M. C. Bradley, Upper Sand Lick. Mr. Bradley has moved in the neighborhood of his school.

Mrs. Norah Wheeler is some better at this writing. She is under the treatment of Dr. Wheeler, of West Liberty.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Williams spent Saturday with home at the fat

Crocket.

A. J. Williams has the contract for carrying the mail, Dingus to Fanin.

J. D. Cox and wife were the guests of D. M. Cox, and family, of Moon, Saturday night.

The oat crop is the best it has been for years.

SLAB.

MAYTOWN

Charley McKinzie and Mr. Emerson was killed by lightning last Monday while cutting timber. The two men were not found until Wednesday.

Marvin Hamilton sold his farm to Mr. Wells, of Menefee county, price \$100.00.

Mr. Welsh, of Irvine, was here on business from Saturday until Monday.

Bill Childers bought a horse of Noah Lions, price \$150.00.

"Do you play any instrument Jim?"

"Yes, I'm a cornetist."

"And your sister?"

"She's a pianist."

"Does your mother play?"

"She's a zitherist."

"And your father?"

"He's a pessimist." —Judge.

Former United States Senator William D. Washburn, of Minnesota, who was an pioneer in the upbuilding of the Northwest, is reported as dying at his home in Minneapolis.

The Chinese Premier the only Minister remaining in office, has consented to submit a new Cabinet in place of that rejected by the National Assembly a few days ago.

Twfik Pasha, having declined to be come Grand Vizier of Turkey unless the chamber was dissolved, the Sultan has appointed Ghazi Moukhtar to the premier ship.

* Wanted,

We are still short the following numbers of the COURIER: 6, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 22 and 24. Any one who will send or bring us these numbers will be suitably rewarded.

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dressed to the Editor.

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Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March
3, 1879.

H. G. COTTLE, Editor.

Democratic Ticket



FOR PRESIDENT
WOODROW WILSON.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT
THOMAS R. MARSHALL.

Trust Providence, but hoe
your own "taters."

You can't always judge a
man by the height of his col-
lar.

It's alright to be generous
but justice has the right-of-
way.

Keep your head cool and
your feet clean this hot
weather.

If somebody don't head
Teddy off he's going to com-
mit something.

You can't always judge a
man by the way he whittles
on a goods box.

It's better to
born rich than not to have
been born at all.

Out of nothing nothing
comes. If you don't work
for a living how do you ex-
pect to live?

To be or not to be a pro-
gressive, is the question that
is agitating the minds of di-
vers Republicans just now.

Which is the worst, to be
drunk on whiskey, or drunk
on self-conceit?

Think well before you an-
swer.

Has anybody noticed the
scarcity of rats in West Lib-
erty this summer? Yes, and
incidentally, somebody else
noticed the scarcity of feed.

Despite the aspersions
of President Taft and the
Republican spellbinders that
the present high cost of liv-
ing is due to natural causes,
a great many American citi-
zens are harboring the idea
that "there is something
rotten in Denmark."

The Democrats have a safe
majority in the national house
of Representatives. Every
indication points to the elec-
tion of a Democratic presi-
dent and to Democratic con-
trol of the United States Sen-
ate. Given full control of
the executive and legislative
branches of the government,
if the party fails to make
good its pledges to the peo-
ple the logical result will be
Socialism, nothing more,
nothing less.

Town Marshall D. C. Lewis,
is stirring things up around
town. Considerable work
has been done on the streets of
late, and the absence of wag-
ons, Machinery and rubbish
is conspicuous. West Lib-
erty has been needing a
cleaning up for some time

GIVE THE MOUNTAINS A CHANCE

JUDGE A. J. KIRK FOR APPELLATE JUDGE

Judge Andrew J. Kirk, of Paintsville, Johnson County, Kentucky is a candidate for Judge of the Appellate Court from this the Seventh Appellate District. He has served two terms as Circuit Judge of the Twenty-fourth Judicial District, being elected the last time without opposition from either Republicans or Democrats. He is seldom reversed in the Court of Appeals and has made a record to be proud of as Circuit Judge. He is well qualified to fill this office, is the logical candidate at this time, is a deserving Republican, and is a mountain man.

This office has been held by a Montgomery County man for the past forty-six years. It is time the mountain people were given some representation. Friends of Judge Kirk over the district are confident he will win, and he is becoming more popular each day.

The Primary election will be held on Saturday August 13rd. Let every Republican in the county go to the polls and help Judge Kirk, a mountain man, and the son of an old soldier, win the nomination.

and it has come at last.

Keep it up Dave, you're on
the right track. There is
lots to be done yet and we
believe you are the man who
will do it.

There is a well defined reu-
nor afloat that Miss "Frank-
edot" Wilson will again be
employed by the board of
trustees of the West Liberty
High School to teach the
young boys and girls of Mor-
gan county how to "spark."
Well, it may be so, but I am
not going to believe it until
I see it. The Courier would
like to be in position to co-
operate heartily with the entire
faculty during the next term
of school, but, be it un-
derstood beforehand that if
Miss Wilson comes back co-
operation will be out of the
question.

It has been reported that I
am, or have been fighting
the school.

A woman, who circulated such
a report, is a liar and they
knew they were lying when
they circulated said report or
repeated it after another.

I am fighting certain
things which have hereto-
fore been practiced in the
management of the school,
viz: The employment of in-
competent teachers because
they happen to be related
to a favorite preacher or be-
long to a certain church,
and the expenditure of mon-
ey, which should have been
applied toward the liquida-
tion of our bonded in-
debtedness, to meet the
running expenses of the
school. These things I am
fighting and will continue to
fight and unless a halt is
called, and that soon, the
school will go hell-ward with
the brakes off. We had just
as well call a spade a spade;
name the baby and call it by
its right name. The state-
ment of the condition of af-
fairs of the district, which
was promised some time ago,
has not been forthcoming.
The lighted match has been
held over the fuse about long
enough. A touch and an ex-
plosion is liable to occur at
any time.

We have always been an
advocate of the "Spend your
money-at-home idea." Have
expended considerable time
and used quite a lot of print-
er's ink in an effort to im-
press upon our readers the
advisability of dealing with
home merchants and home
tradesmen. Just what
weight our argument had
with the people we don't
know, but we have abundant
evidence of how much our
efforts in behalf of our home
merchants were appreciated.
A glance at the pages of the
COURIER will tell. We still
trade at home. Spend what

little money comes our way
with the merchants who
withhold their patronage
from their home paper,
which never lets an opportu-
nity slip to boost them and
their business. Now who
can blame us if we join one
of the Sears, Roebuck & Co.,
or Montgomery Ward clubs
which are in the process of
formation in country and
town? Would our position
be untenable? Not in the
least. We would simply be
acting in self-defense. Treating
our home merchants as they
are treating their home paper.
We believe in reciprocity,
but there ought to be two
sides to it. If, one of these
days, we fail to practice what
we preached so long the reason
will not be far to seek.

To the readers of the Courier
who are unacquainted with
the facts pertaining to the
controversy between the
churches and myself, and to
those who are acquainted
with the origin of the little
"set-to" but don't understand
why I wrote the article which
appeared in last week's Cour-
ier, I will say, that smart-
ing under the affront of an
offer of a free ticket to the
play which was given on
the night of the 10th inst.
for the benefit of the metho-
dist church, which offer it
was known before hand I
would not accept, the mem-
ory of my former wrongs was
brought so vividly before me
that I just simply had to
write or "bust."

While the people were en-
joying the play, to which the
offer of a complimentary
ticket stung me like a needle,
I was penning the editorial
of last week.

Let this be my explana-
tion but by no means an ap-
ology for that article. It
contained the truth but not
all of the truth, for there are
things that have not yet
been told.

GUMPTION
Which is Common Sense with-
out Educational Furbelows.
By L. T. HOVERMALE.

Retrospection.

July 16, midnight.
As I sat to-night in an easy
chair, my feet on the low man-
tel, watching the tobacco smoke
float lazily above my head and
form and re-form in thousands of
fantastic shapes, up through the
corridors of memory comes troop-
ing, unbidden, things that were
best forgot. But how keep back
the onslaught of these things
of recollection? To-night nei-
ther Byron's "The Bride of Aby-
dos," nor Stevenson's "An Apol-
ogy for Idlers," nor Hawthorne's
"Mosses from an Old Manse,"
nor Harrison's "Ships that Pass
in the Night," hold my wayward
vagrant thoughts. Our lives are
not measured by the hours and

days, nor by the years, we live,
but are divided by events into
epochs.

Being a Fatalist I can but be-
lieve that the epochs of my life,
be they long or short, are bound-
ed at either end by July 16. So
to-night is given to reverie. In
the smoke wreaths I see the var-
ious events that stand out in my
experience and am more firmly
convinced that we are but pow-
erless puppets in the hands of an
inexorable Fate. Will Hubbard-
Kernan, the poet of pessimism,
felt this as he penned his ough-
to-be-famous poem: "Is Death
Worth Dying?"

I am not writing this to please
or interest any one save myself.
That is one comfort the irre-
sponsible scribbler has. He is
free from the hampering influ-
ences of the business office and
doesn't have to cater to the whims
of the dear public; he can write
or not write, just as he chooses.
I will not be aggrieved if you skip
this column this week or at any
other time. I never read it. I
write this dope solely for my own
amusement.

But back to the spoke. As
the wreaths form in wierd phan-
tasies I watch them float hither
and yon and wonder if their
formations were, too, planned
from the beginning. How like
our lives they are—cast forth
with their own volition to be
shaped by whatever currents
they meet and grow weaker and
weaker and vanish forever. Is
that their end? Where do they
go and what do they become?
What causes their shapes? Why
are they not all alike? They are
all formed in the same way, yet
you cannot make one cloud like
another. How like our lives!
We all spring from a common
source, are sent out to float down
through time, each life takes on
a different shape and course and
finally all fade away and vanish
forever.

We watch the smoke-cloud
form, float, fade and vanish, and
we ask what good it has accom-
plished? It has been solace for
a few hours to the smoke maker,
but the solace is of doubtful ben-
efit. Are the faces we see in
the eddying blue, and the ten-
der and painful memories that
they call forth, the scenes, in
which we have been an actor,
that are past and dead save as
they live in relentless memory,
are they a benefit or a curse to
us? Answer this, sage, if you
dare! Your philosophy is dumb.
As our lives—our acts—float out-
ward on the zephyrs of time, do
they help or hinder humanity?
Are we listlessly floating smoke
rings, or are impelled by some
ever-compelling power, or do we
choose our own way? Ask the
Sphinx. The answer is yet un-
uttered.

But why seek to know? The
effort is futile. The gods will
not help us. Our poet-pessimist
says:
"We bombard the heavens with
fruitless prayer,
But out of that are of ebbless air
Never yet has an answer come;
If gods there be those gods are
dumb."
But still we try to solve the
unsolvable—to know the un-
knowable, and cherish of hate
the memories of the past, and
fade to—what?

Pain is seldom unalloyed. I
confess that I would not banish,
if I could, some memories that are
fraught with the most poignant
pain, because with the pain were
joys I would not forget. The
suffering we remember at a
final parting is tempered by the
kiss that attends it. And we
feel that those moments of bliss
are worth the years of pain that
follow and settle down to the
hope that in the last analysis
of life's problem, "Whatever is,
is best for us."

"The Moving Finger writes, and
having writ moves on."
Possibly I would not print this
if it were solely for public con-
sumption, though the public is
welcome to it, but there was a
space to fill and it is July 16. I
gathered this from the smoke-
clouds, and having writ I let it
stay. The hour is struck and
one more 16th has fled to join
its brothers of 36 years ago, of
ten years ago and of one year

ago. The Other One will read
the meaning, though knowing
nothing of any of these days save
the last, so if you don't, well—

WANTED

An industrious boy or girl, 10
to 14 years of age, to learn the
printers trade. Must be of
steady habits and not afraid of
work.

Splendid opportunity for the
right one.

Apply to Courier office
West Liberty Ky.

In these days of high cost of
living, a medicine that gets a
man up out of bed and able to
work in a few days is a safe and
valuable remedy. John Heath,
Michigan, Bar, Cal., says: "I had
kidney and bladder trouble for
nearly 6 years, and was confined
to my bed, unable to turn with-
out help. Soon after I commenc-
ed using Foley Kidney Pills and
was relieved at once." His ex-
ample is worth following. Foley
Kidney Pills will do for others
just as much as they have done
for John Heath. Try them. For
sale by all dealers.

Wanted, At Once

20 teams to haul logs at Hele-
chawan, Ky.
HARLAN HARDWOOD LUMBER
COMPANY.

If you are a housewife you can-
not reasonably hope to be healthy
or beautiful by washing dishes,
sweeping and doing housework
all day, and crawling into bed
dead tired at night. You must
get out into the open air and sun-
light. If you do this every day
and keep your stomach and bowels
in good order by taking Cham-
berlain's Tablets when needed,
you shall become both healthy
and beautiful. For sale by all
Druggists.

Wanted.

A copy of Bill Brown's con-
fession, in good state of preser-
vation, COURIER.

Summer colds are hard to get
rid of, and frequently lead to as-
thma, bronchitis, and hay fever.

Do not let your cold get a hold on
you, but use Foley's Honey and
Tar Compound for quick relief.
W. H. Allen, Chelsea, Wis., says
"We prefer Foley's Honey and
Tar Compound to other cough
medicines because it quickly
cures coughs and colds. It will
ward off a cold if taken in time."
Contains no opiates. Is safe for
children. Remember the name,
Foley's Honey and Tar Compound
and accept no substitute. For
sale by all dealers.

Two Real Estate Bargains.

We have for sale what is
known as the "Uncle Billy Elam"
farm of 111 acres, one mile
east of West Liberty. The farm
contains 120 acres, 90 acres of
which is well timbered. Good
dwelling, good barn and all nec-
essary outbuildings, good well
and young orchard. 15 acres of
bottom land.

One of the most desirable
homes in Morgan County will
sell cheap on easy terms.

House and lot on Glenn Ave-
nue; large lot, nice new cottage
with 4 rooms and bath, plumbed
for gas, insurance paid for three
years, good well good garden.
Also small two room cottage in
rear. Barn lot contains 1/4 acres
and is separated from residence
lot by an alley.
A bargain on easy terms of pay-
ment.

COTTLE & HOVEYMALE,
West Liberty, Ky.

An increasing number of peo-
ple report regularly of the satis-
factory results from taking Foley
Kidney Pills and commend their
heating and curative qualities.
Foley's Kidney Pills are a
carefully prepared medicine
guaranteed to contain no harmful
habit forming drugs. They can
have only a beneficial effect when
used for kidney and bladder
troubles, for backache rheuma-
tism, weak back or lumbago.
Never sold in bulk. Put up in
two sizes, in sealed bottles. The
genuine always in a yellow pak-
age. For sale by all dealers.

Dysentery is always serious
and often a dangerous disease,
but it can be cured, Chamberlain's
Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea
Remedy has cured it even when
malignant and epidemic. For
sale by all druggists.

Cure Cold in Head.
Kermott's Chocolates Laxative Quinine, easy
to take and quick to cure cold in head and
throat.

Foley Kidney Pills are healing
and strengthening tonic, and
contain no harmful or habit
forming drugs N. J. Gorham,
Cashier, Bank of Woodville,
Woodville, Ga., recently had an
acute attack of kidney trouble.
"The pains in my back and kid-
neys were terrible, but I bought
a bottle of Foley Kidney Pills
and took them, and can truthfully
say they have entirely relieved
me. I find more benefit from
them than any other kidney me-
dicine I have ever taken." Try
them. For sale by all dealers.

State of Ohio city of Toledo, Lucas County

Frank J. Cheney makes oath
that he is senior partner of the
firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing
business in the City of Toledo,
County and State aforesaid, and
that said firm will pay the sum of
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for
each and every case of Catarrh
that cannot be cured by the use
of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and sub-
scribed in my presence, this 6th
day of December, A. D. 1886.
(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken
internally and acts directly upon
the blood and mucous surfaces
of the system. Send for testi-
monials free.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., To-
ledo, Ohio.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for
constipation.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
FOR RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER.

Follow the Crowd

And You'll Stop at

LYKINS' GROCERY.

Everything Fresh, First-class and Fine.
Fruits, Fresh Candies, Cigars, Ice
Cream, Cold Drinks, etc.

I have what you want at prices to suit you.

DENNY M. LYKINS,

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is the same remedy we sold your grandmother, and has,
since its first appearance on the market, carried with it the
UNANIMOUS ENDORSEMENT OF MAN AND WOMAN.

MOLESOFF was the BEST IN PIONEER DAYS, is still the
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Letters from personages we all know, together with much
valuable information are contained in an attractive booklet,
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One hundred dollars in gold will be paid to the party mailing to us
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One million people will see your picture with and without an ugly
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My Lady of Doubt

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Love Under Fire," "My Lady of the North" and other stories

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY THIEDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Major Lawrence, son of Judge Lawrence of Virginia, whose wife was a Lee, is sent to a British uniform arrives within the enemy's lines.

CHAPTER II—Disguised in a British uniform, Lawrence enters the enemy's lines. He is captured by the British and taken to a prison.

CHAPTER III—The Major attends a ball and saves the "Lady of the Blended Rose" from mob. He later meets the girl at a brilliant ball.

CHAPTER IV—The Major is started over a wall, and Lawrence is started by his partner, Mistress Mortimer, the Lady of the Blended Rose, to make his escape.

CHAPTER V—Lawrence is detected as a spy by Captain Grant of the British army, who accuses him of a duel.

CHAPTER VI—The duel is stopped by Grant's friends and the spy makes a narrow escape.

CHAPTER VII—The Major arrives at the shop of a blacksmith, who is friendly, and knows the Lady of the Blended Rose.

CHAPTER VIII—Captain Grant and his men arrive and search the blacksmith shop in vain for the spy.

CHAPTER IX—Lawrence joins the minute men who capture Grant and his men.

CHAPTER X—Major Lawrence is made prisoner by an Indian and two white men.

CHAPTER XI—Lawrence's captors lead him in a strong cell, where he meets Peter the jailer.

CHAPTER XII—Peter advises Lawrence not to attempt escape as "some one" will send for him.

CHAPTER XIII—Grant's appearance adds mystery to the combination of circumstances.

CHAPTER XIV—Lawrence again meets the Lady of the Blended Rose, who informs him that he is in her house and that she was the woman who the party that attacked and captured him.

CHAPTER XV—The captive is thrust into a dark underground chamber when Captain Grant begins a search of the premises.

CHAPTER XVI—After digging his way out, Lawrence finds the place deserted. Evidence of a battle and a dead man makes the discovery.

CHAPTER XVII—Col. Mortimer, father of the Lady of the Blended Rose, finds his home in ruins.

CHAPTER XVIII—Capt. Grant insists that Lawrence be strung up on a tree.

CHAPTER XIX—Miss Mortimer appears, explaining in a soldier's uniform, and she is held in the strong room.

CHAPTER XX—Lawrence escapes and kills Grant and his men.

CHAPTER XXI—Grant is knocked out by Lawrence, who comes to Miss Mortimer's relief, and then makes his escape.

CHAPTER XXII—Captain Grant's base is revealed.

CHAPTER XXIII—Lawrence returns to Valley Forge, where he learns that Grant is dead.

CHAPTER XXIV—Washington forces Clinton to battle and Lawrence gets a piece of Eric Mortimer.

CHAPTER XXV—The battle of Monmouth.

CHAPTER XXVI—Gen. Washington again starts Maj. Lawrence on an important mission.

CHAPTER XXVII—Lawrence finds Miss Mortimer in a soldier's uniform, and she is a secret under her brother's name. Explanations follow.

"But I did not," I insisted, earnestly, recovering from my surprise, and leaning forward to look into her face. "Why should I? General Washington told me it was Eric who came for his father. Why should I suspect in this darkness?"

"I represented myself as Eric," she stammered.

"And was it you also who rode into our lines yesterday, telling of Clinton's whereabouts?"

"Yes," hesitatingly, her eyes lifting to my face.

"But you must listen to me, Major Lawrence; you must learn why I did so unwomanly an act."

"First answer one question."

"What?"

"Is there an Eric Mortimer?"

"There is," she answered frankly; "my brother. It was for his sake I did all this."

A moment I sat in my saddle silently, our horses walking side by side through the night, while I endeavored to grasp the meaning of her confession. I knew that she was riding bareheaded, her face turned away.

"Go on," I said at last, "tell me the whole story."

"I will," firmly, her head uplifted. "I was tempted to do so at Elmhurst, but something seemed to seal my lips. There is now no longer any excuse for silence. I wish you to know, and, then, perhaps, you may feel more kindly disposed toward me."

"Your father is aware of this?"

"No, not even father. He is scarcely cognizant of what is going on about him. Peter knows, and Tonopah, with a stare of her hand into the dark shadows."

"They are with you, then—keeping guard over him?"

"Yes; they have known from the beginning; not everything, of course, that was not necessary. Peter is servant, silent and trustworthy. I never question an act of his. The Indian has reason to be loyal and loyal to me. What of indifference, Major Lawrence, I may have been guilty of, I have gone nowhere unaccompanied by these two. You will believe that?"

"Yes, and whatever else you tell me."

"I should have explained to my father—indeed intended to do so—but now he is helpless to aid me. There is no one else I feel able to trust. I—I—were in my thought tonight; I—I am not sure I did not even pray for your coming, and—and then God sent you."

My hand sought hers, and held it against my horse's mane.

"Tell it in your own way, dear," I whispered.

She flashed one glance into my face, leaving her hand in mine, while our horses took a dozen strides.

"It will not take long," she began, in so low a voice, that I leaned forward to listen, "and you already know many of the characters and can judge their motives. I have been strangely situated since the commencement of this war, only, surely ours is not the only family divided in its loyalty. My father was a King's officer, and felt it his duty to serve the crown. While he has said little, yet I know that down in his heart his sympathies have been with the Colonies. Those of my brother were openly from the start, and my father has never attempted to interfere with his actions. They talked it all over together, and Eric chose his own course. Only Alfred Grant made trouble, presuming on what he termed our engagement, and endeavored to force my brother to join the King's troops. The two quarreled bitterly, and Eric, a hot-headed boy, struck him. Grant has never forgiven that blow, nor Eric's influence over me. To the latter he attributes my dislike—yet this was not true; it was because as I grew older, I realized the ill character of the man."

She paused a moment, gathering the threads of thought more closely. I did not speak, preferring she should tell the story in her own way.

"The two did not meet after that for many months. The Queen's Rangers, in which regiment my father secured Grant a commission, were in New York, while Eric was stationed on the river with Morgan's riflemen. When New Jersey was invaded, both commands came south, and, because of Eric's knowledge of this country, he was detailed as scout. This reckless life was greatly to his liking; I saw him occasionally by appointment, usually at Elmhurst, and became aware that his old quarrel with Captain Grant was seemingly forgotten. There appeared to be some understanding, some special connection between them. They met once, at least, and I delivered one note between them."

"Perhaps I can explain that later," I interrupted, "from something mentioned at Lee's headquarters."

"You! Oh, I wish you could, for their relationship has mystified me; has made me afraid something might be wrong with—Eric."

"I think not, dear; say rather with Grant."

"If that be so, then it may prove the key to all the mystery. What made their intimacy so difficult to understand was that I knew the captain's dislike of Eric had in no way diminished. He spoke of him as savagely as ever."

"Perhaps he played a part—his ultimate purpose revealed."

"I would be glad to hear that, and—and the consummation of that revenge may account for all which has occurred. But I must go on with what I had to tell."

I had forgotten the passage of time; the men riding steadily in advance, apparently increasing their distance, even the possible importance of the dispatch within my jacket pocket. The evident distress of the girl riding beside me, whose tale, I felt sure, would fully justify her strange masquerade in male garments, her risk of life and exposure to disgrace in midst of fighting armies, held me neglectful of all else. I realized that, whatever the cause, I had unconsciously become a part of its development, and that I was destined now to be even more deeply involved. Whatever the mystery, I must solve it for her sake. My hand again sought hers, holding it in firm clasp. There was a sound of hoofs on the dusty road behind us.

"It is Peter," she whispered. "What can have happened?"

The rider barely paused, turning his horse's head even as he spoke hastily. "Captain Grant is with the ambulance, Mistress Claire," he reported. "He came up alone about five minutes ago."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Before General Arnold.

I felt her hand withdrawn quickly, and the swift intake of her breath, yet there was no sharpness in the voice.

"Captain Grant, Peter? What can the man want here?"

"He claimed to be hunting deserters," returned Swanson, as calmly deliberate of speech as ever. "But that was false. He knew we were on the road, and asked for you."

"For me?" And you told him—"

"Merely that you rode ahead to see that the road was clear. Then I left at once, fearing he might join you."

She sat a moment in silence, her head bowed; then looked across into my face.

"This arrival must end our conference, Major," she said soberly. "Captain Grant must not know that you are with me—that would mean fighting."

"Surely you do not wish me to run away?"

"Yes, this time, for my sake as well as your own. If I could have completed my confession you would realize the necessity. However, the fact that you are the bearer of dispatches should be sufficient; your duty to the Colonies is more important than any private quarrel. You will go?"

"Yes—but you? Are you safe with him?"

"Perfectly. I wish I might be clothed in my own proper dress, but with Peter and Tonopah on guard, Captain Grant alone is not dangerous. Besides, I wish to learn his purpose in seeking to join us," she hesitated. "You must not fear for me, but—but I wish to tell you all, and—and I am sure I shall need your help."

"You mean I am to join you again—"

"Is that asking too much?"

"Claire," I whispered, bending toward her, so Peter could not overhear, "nothing shall keep me from coming, dear. I will ride back the moment my

dispatches are in Arnold's hands. But tell me, first, if you are not afraid of Grant himself, what is it you need me for?"

"Eric," she answered swiftly. "He has disappeared, dead or deserted. Oh, I cannot believe the last is true. It was to save his reputation that I dressed in this uniform, performed the work assigned him. I feel sure Grant knows where he is, what has become of him. I went to him in Philadelphia, but he only sneered, and said the boy had doubtless run away. I know better; that is not like a Mortimer. But I cannot search for him; I must stay with my father. But if I can only be assured you will come."

"You can be assured."

"Mistress Claire," broke in Peter, "some one is riding up the road."

"Yes, Peter, yes. Major, wait here! Don't move. We will go back and meet him."

I held my horse steady, although he made an effort to follow. Voices came back to me through the darkness—Grant's loud enough to be clearly heard.

"What is this 'you, Claire?' he laughed gruffly. "By all the gods, I thought it must be Eric. I never expect to see you again."

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Riding ahead, boot to boot with Conroy, I thought out a plan for action, and finally, in the gray of the morning, told him enough of the story to arouse his interest. Just before sunrise we passed Elmhurst, the great white mansion appearing silent and deserted. There was no halting, although we turned in the saddle to look, and my eyes swept over the troops trotting behind us. They were a sturdy lot, their faces bronzed from exposure, their uniforms stained and dust-covered.

"Regulars?" I asked, nodding back across my shoulder.

"Not a man but has seen two years' service," he replied proudly. "Hamilton knows the troop, and he picked us out."

"I may need them for a bit of desperate work."

"They'll do it, sir, never fear."

"Good, sergeant; we'll ride hard, and trust to getting fresh horses in Philadelphia. I'll tell Arnold the story. When we arrive there have your men get all the sleep they can. I'll attend to rations and ammunition. You are simply to have the men rested and ready. Cannot we make better time?"

The horses seem in good condition. We passed swiftly over the level country, meeting a few stragglers, but paying them small attention. By two o'clock we were on the banks of the Delaware, and a half-hour later, I swung down stiffly from the saddle in front of Arnold's headquarters on High street.

He was an officer I never greatly liked, with his snapping eyes and arrogant manner, but he was courteous enough on this occasion, questioning me after reading the dispatch, and offering me a glass of wine.

"You look tired, major, and must rest before you start back. I shall have my report ready by sundown."

"General Arnold," I said, standing respectfully at hand, "I have a favor to ask—that you will send your report by some other messenger, and give me a detail for special service."

He looked up in surprise.

"Special service, sir! But you are not assigned to my command."

"That is true, general," I insisted, "but the conditions warrant the unusual application."

"What service is contemplated?"

"An attempt to kill or capture Red Fagin, and release a scout whom I believe he holds prisoner."

"You hope to accomplish all this alone?"

"With the assistance of the sergeant and ten dragoons who came here with me. They are in camp now on the Jersey shore."

He walked across the room, stared out of the window, and then again faced me.

"By Gad, sir, this is a most extraordinary request. Damme, I'd like to get hold of Fagin all right, but I need to know more of your plan, and the reason you have for asking such a detail. It looks foolhardy to my mind."

I went over the situation carefully, watching the effect of my words in the man's face. He sat at the table now, leaning forward eagerly. Arnold had the reputation of a gallant, and my first reference to a young lady aroused him.

"The name, please—you mentioned no name."

"Claire Mortimer, sir."

"Ah! Ah! I remember her well. Danced with her myself. Now go on, sir; I can appreciate the tale better for my recollection of the fair heroine."

I was not long at it, although he interrupted me occasionally by shrewd questioning. As I concluded he kept silent a moment, looking at me from under his heavy brows.

"It looks like rather a blind trail to me, kindly," he said kindly. "I'm no sportsman in such an affair. You might have the luck to stumble onto your party, and I'd take the chance myself if I were in your shoes. You wish to start at sunset?"

"Yes, sir."

"You need horses, rations and pistol ammunition for twelve men?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, major, the quartermaster will attend these details. Go and down to Washington may not approve, but I'll take the responsibility."

He extended his hand across the table, and I felt the firm clasp of his hand.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I Run Across Eric.

I slept three hours, the dead sleep of sheer exhaustion, but felt refreshed and strong when roughly aroused. Before sunset I was across the river, where I found my little squad of dragoons prepared for our night's adventure. Arnold had kept his word, the fresh horses being, fine animals, the ammunition in excess of our needs. Conroy was enthusiastic, and somewhat loquacious, but I cut his conversation off rather sharply, and ordered the men into their saddles. With brain clarified by sleep I realized the importance of the work before us, and how imperfect my plans were. I could merely ride forth to Elmhurst, hoping to pick up some prey to aid me. As we rode rapidly along the deserted road leading to Farrell's I reviewed over and over again every remembered detail, only to conclude that I must get hands on Grant, and by threats, or any other available means, compel him to confess his part in the villainy. Dusk settled about us, succeeded by night, as we pressed steadily forward, the men riding silently, the only sound the thud of hoofs, and the slight jingle of accoutrements. As we passed the black walls of Farrell's shop, I recalled the papers found in Grant's coat, and the reference in Fagin's note to a rendezvous at Lone Tree. Probably that was the spot where the two had been accustomed to meeting. If true in the past, why not now as well? Suddenly it occurred to me that it was at a place called Lone Tree that the minute men had gathered for their attack on Delavan's wagon train. Could this, by any possibility, be the same spot? I drew my horse back beside Conroy.

"Ever heard of a place called Lone Tree?" I asked quietly.

He rubbed his head thoughtfully. "Not just about here, sir. We camped over east of there once, way

back a year ago, down in a hollow where there was one big tree standing all alone, kind of an odd-looking tree, sir, and seems to me, the guide said the place was called something like that. Say, Tom," to the nearest dragoon, "do you remember that Lone Tree where we camped when we were out hunting Tarleton?"

"Sure; in east Medford. There was a farmhouse across on the side of a hill. I got some bitterness there."

"Wasn't that what the guide called the place—Lone Tree?"

"Darned if I know, sergeant. Don't recollect bearing the guide say anything about that, but the woman at the house told me her place was called Lone Tree cottage—so I reckon he might."

This was a chance worth trying. "We will take the first turn to the left, and have a look at the place," I said. "Conroy, you and Tom ride ahead, and keep your eyes open."

We reached the hollow where the big tree stood, about midnight, but found little reward. The house on the hill had been burned to the ground. Near the tree, however, we discovered evidence of recent camp fires, one not yet cold, and apparently there had been quite a body of men camped there lately. Conroy manufactured a torch, and scouted about, finally reporting:

"I don't know how many were here, sir, altogether, but there was a lot of horses picked over near the creek. I reckon the lot of them didn't leave until dark tonight, and they rode north toward the main road. There were maybe a dozen in that party."

We followed the general direction the fellows seemed to have taken, Conroy and I on foot, scanning the trail by aid of a pine knot. The dust lay thick on the clay road through the cut, where we had charged the forgers, and it was easy to see the band had turned east. There was but one conclusion possible; if this was Fagin's game of cat-and-mouse, as I suspected, then they were either returning to their camp in Monmouth county after a raid, or else were starting forth on some new project near at hand. Whichever was true, Elmhurst lay in the direction taken. Determined to learn the truth, we pressed forward, riding rapidly, yet exercising the precaution of keeping two scouts well in advance. It must have been nearly three o'clock when we reached the summit of the low hill within a few hundred yards of the house, and found the two scouts awaiting us.

My first glance across the ravine revealed the outlines of the house above the low trees of the orchard. All appeared peaceable enough, and I felt a sudden relief. There were lights burning on the lower floor, streaming through several windows, while up stairs one window was ablaze. Late as it was, this illumination was not surprising, however, as the care of the wounded man would necessitate night watchers, while, no doubt, Claire would anticipate by reaching there before morning. All this flashed over me, as my eyes hastily surveyed the familiar surroundings. Then I became aware that the older scout was reporting:

"There's quite a bunch of horses picked down there in the ravine, sir," he said, pointing toward the right.

"How many?"

"Oh, maybe twenty-five or thirty; Joe an' I couldn't get very close, as there's a couple of men on guard on top of the bank. A hundred feet down you can see 'em plain against the sky."

"Wasn't what you saw a cattle herd?"

"No, sir," positively. "They're horses, picked in line like a cavalry troop, an' they've got their saddles on."

What this all meant could not be guessed at, but there must be some scheme of devilry under way.

"Have either of you crossed the ravine?" I asked, endeavoring to reach some conclusion.

"Yes, sir, Joe did. He was up in the edge of the orchard?"

"See any men?"

"Not a man, sir, outside," answered the other. "But I saw shadows against the curtains on that lower floor. I couldn't tell how many; they just come an' go, only they wasn't dressed alike."

One thing was sufficiently certain—we could gain little information remaining where we were.

"Sergeant," I said, determining swiftly on a course of action, "take your men, dismounted, across the ravine, and into the orchard. Keep under cover, but

